

Jane Hopper and The Police Officer's Home by OnceForeverXylo (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Accidental Baby Acquisition, Action/Adventure, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, Eleven | Jane Hopper's Eggos, Gen, Harry Potter References, Jim "Chief" Hopper Adopts Eleven | Jane Hopper, To Be Continued

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

This is a complete Harry Potter-ish AU where a baby Eleven is dropped on the Doorstep of a certain Jim Hopper, who is forced to take her in.

How will he react when she starts expressing strange supernatural/magical powers?

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Author's Note:

The first lines belong, almost in their entirety, to J.K Rowling's novel Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone. I don't own it etc. etc.

As for the rest of the fic I completely understand that this is a really short prologue, but that's because I just wanted to get the build up done now so that the next chapter can skip to where the story really starts. Hope you enjoyed it anyway.

Jim Hopper of Hawkins, Indiana was proud to say that he was perfectly normal, thank you very much. He was the last person you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious because he simply didn't hold with such nonsense. He was a cop, with a round gut, gruff voice and tobacco habit. And this was to say nothing of his finely trimmed facial hair, which was in fact all that gave the viewer the illusion of competence. This illusion was important. Being the chief of police after all and as such needed to retain an air of control and authority in every little thing he did. This meant trying his best to disprove every little hint of weirdness that the small town had to throw at him, throwing other people off with an air of nonchalance. His huffing, sighing and constant derision were as much a part of his costume as the more physical parts of his appearance.

When Jim Hopper woke up on the humid summer day on which our story starts, there was nothing to suggest that the strange and unusual happenings he had been vehemently denying for years now would soon turn the town upside down. Not only for him, but for everyone else who lived there.

Jim woke up in his usual position, bent into the crease of his crumbling, food encrusted couch. As he moved to peel himself from the material there was a metallic clink as a can fell off his stomach. He saw out of the corner of his eye a little bead of booze drip onto the carpet, but instead of caring he got up and crushed the can with his foot causing it to make a terrible metallic crunch. Without so

much as bending down to pick up his trash he then stumbled through his tiny apartment and out onto the decking to have a cigarette. He flicked the packet deftly out of his pants and proceeded to light it with expert hands. But after a brief moment in the dull daylight, and only a few puffs which he spat like acid out of his lungs, he then flicked the butt away and turned back into his trailer to throw on the rest of his uniform.

The trailer wasn't a place he was particularly proud of, so tiny and constricting and square, like a cage! So he went slowly, as if to his death.

As he pulled his dusty brown shirt on however, he found there was a strange feeling blooming in his chest. He was going to go out into the world and have a purpose, a motivation that wasn't just to get back home and wreck his liver with as much beer as he could drink. (Not that he'd let on to anyone of course. He barely even admitted it to himself.) For him, he had a veritable spring in his step as he picked up his belt and holster, and was wearing a pretty thick shit-eating smile as he strolled through the hallway.

He'd pulled his door open was just about to step over the threshold when, in his bleary-eyed way he noticed something by his feet. "What the hell?"

There on the step was a small blanket, faded yellow. Whatever was inside the bundle was still, all but for the slow rise and fall of lungs. He suppressed the need to call out for help, just in case he might wake whatever it was up, and get himself into a shitload of trouble. But then he realised.

IT WAS ALIVE!

When that realisation struck him, in the gut like a guy at a bar fight, Jim lunged out as quick as he could to scoop it up.

Soon... almost immediately he realised via the weight-

It was a kid, and not just any kid, a tiny baby who couldn't have been more than 5 months old.

Holding the swaddled infant, with his other large hand he pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. This was going to be interesting.
no work for you today Hop he thought to himself, *just an awful lot of hard labour.*